



ASSUMPTION COLLEGE REVIEW

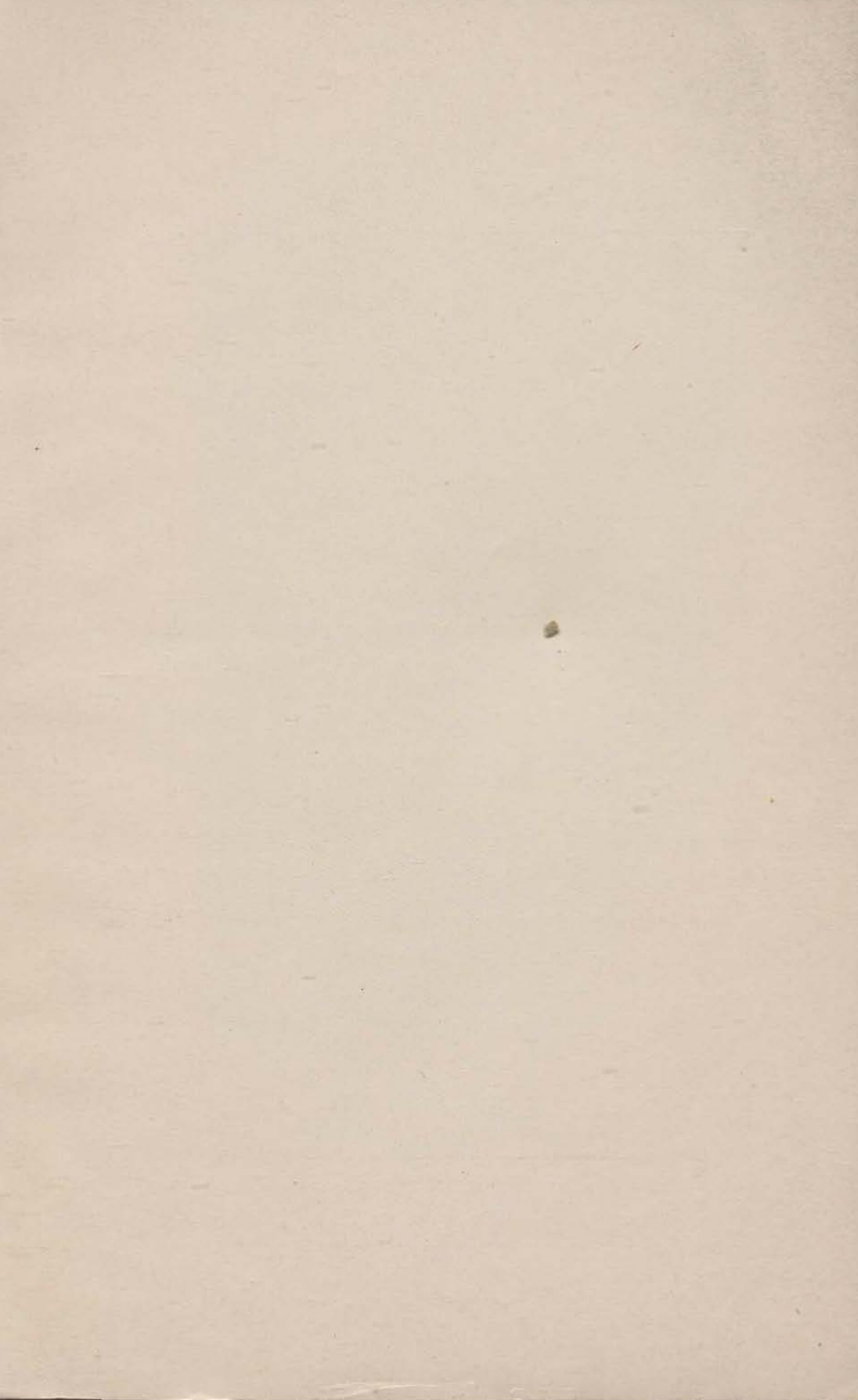
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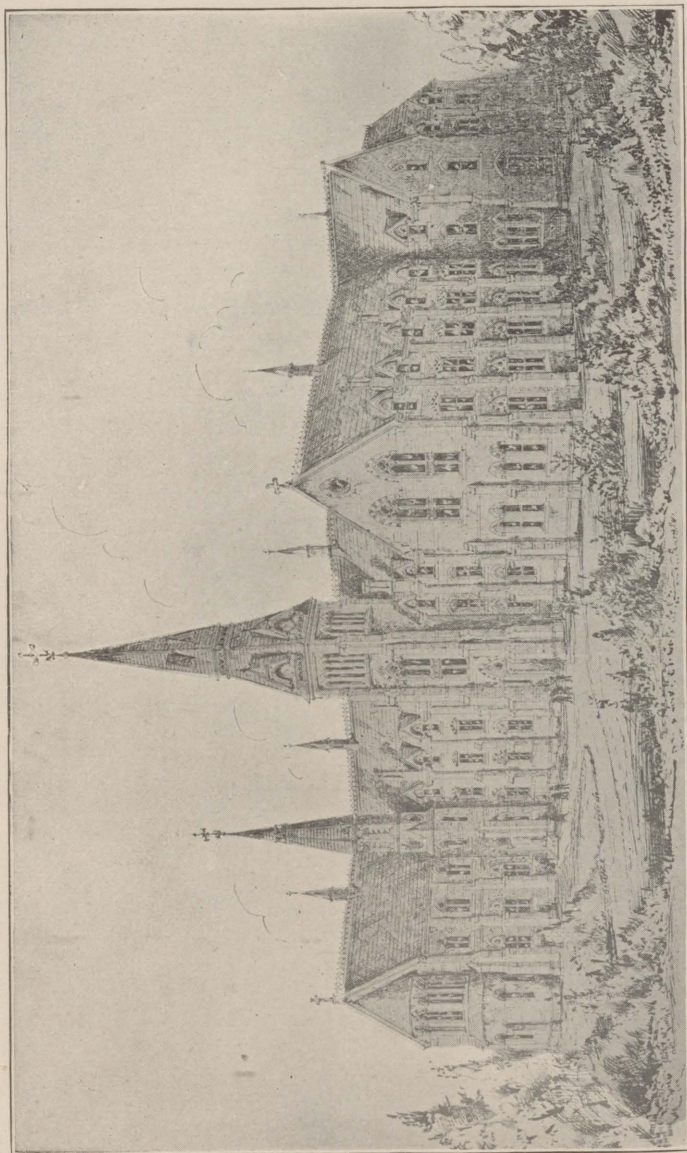
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ALUMNI NUMBER

Sandwich, Ontario.





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Bishop of London.

PARISH OF THE ASSUMPTION,

Sandwich, Oct. 1, 1906.

To Whom it may Concern:

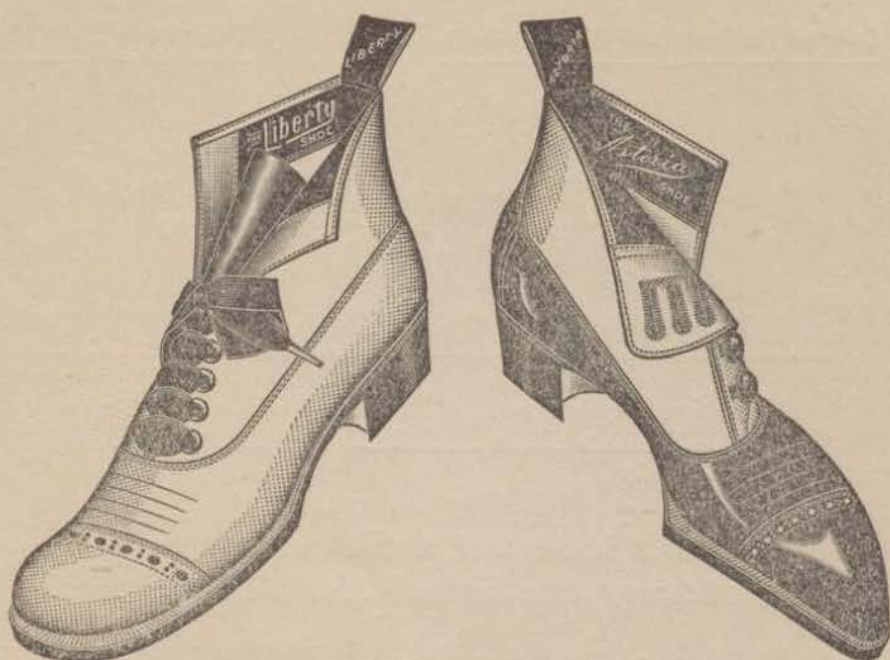
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Assumption College Review

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The Assumption College Review is a literary magazine published monthly by the students of Assumption College. Its aim is to cultivate a taste for composition and to inspire a love for what is best and noblest in English literature. It is intended also to foster fraternity between the alumni, the student and their Alma Mater.

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VOL. I.

APRIL, 1908.

No. 3.

Matri Dolorosa.



THE gentle Mother, weeping dolefully,
Stands near the cross on gloomy Calvary,
With pallid lips and features wan and worn,
Her faithful heart with grief is sadly torn,
To see Him borne forever from her side,
O, heart of woe! thy Son is crucified.

At Bethlehem the choirs of heaven sang,
And echoing deep the starry stillness rang
With sweet enraptured tones of joyous praise;
And then through all those memorable days,
The child ne'er wandered from the mother's side,
But now, alas! she sees Him crucified.

All blood-stained, gasping, slowly dying there,
With none to grieve for Him and none to care
Of all that blinded throng He sought to save,
Not one so poor to mark for Him a grave;
With majesty deep-veiled from world and pride,
Thus Christ, the Son of God, was crucified.

Grieve not, O fairest Mother, weeping lone,
Bright angel forms will roll away the stone,
Forms glorious with soft celestial hue,
'Tis better—better than you thought or knew,
The bleakest depth of ocean would not hide
This rocky mount where Christ was crucified.

And mighty kings that rule in regions far,
Will tread the pathway of his guiding star,
And out upon earth's endless, wind-swept seas,
With every roving sail that tries the breeze,
Men will repeat the sacred story wide,
How Christ, the Son of God, was crucified.

Weep not, dear Mother—from this fearful hour,
There has arisen such a boundless power,
That earth's fell wickedness and vain desires,
Will melt before a million cross-topped spires,
And men will call, with love they once denied,
This sad day good, when Christ was crucified.

O Mother, do you think poor earth could claim
The God from Whom its very being came?
No. He will rise that ransomed men may see
Through glowing mists that veil eternity;
And thou in splendor moving by His side
Shall glory in thy Son, the Crucified.

—W. J. ROBINSON, '10.

When Fans Were Loyal.

SOME College experience of mine, certainly. I will tell you why I missed the President. It was one of those dreamy June days when the Students at Assumption grew poetic and watched the march of stately ships and masts up and down Detroit's magnificent river. In the prospect there came the old Sandwich Church and its high mast-like steeple, with Cross tree of gold which guarded the College Campus, the vineyard of old Antoine, and the peach garden of Fr. Ferguson.

But this day our dream was cut short. Benj. Guiney or some other big loyal alumnus was to bring over from Detroit a base ball team of picked players and batter the College escutcheon into pieces. Our boys, who were in training all spring, woke up and prepared for the fray. There was no money up. But there was infinitely more; there was the reputation of the College, and that had to be protected at all hazards.

The visitors, who came very late in the afternoon, took the precaution to bring along two professional players, one of whom was a man named Lyons. It made no difference how you spelled his name on the score card, or whether you used him singular or plural. He played ball all the time, and with his five senses. On our side François Campeau did the back-stop work. He was the neatest, most accurate thrower to second I ever saw. The ball went low but had what a golf player would call "distance and direction," and the man at second had to catch it in self defense.

We won the toss and elected the field. In the first inning everything passed off quietly, even our case of stage fright. In the second, Campeau catching a swift inshoot split his right hand open between the second and third fingers as cleanly as if it was the work of a wedge. In those days we had neither big mits or chest protectors. We wore pillows and mattresses only when in bed. An

impromptu medic bound up the injured hand, and in place of demanding a fee, generously promised Francois his next piece of pie if we won. Our pitcher had to ease up a bit now, and that man Lyons began to get in some deadly work with his big stick. His partner the other professional, was a great player too. He backed up every play made on the diamond, and was a terror to our men all the time.

Six innings had been played and the Detroiters were constantly gaining in runs and in confidence. Campeau's hand was still bleeding and becoming more and more painful from the incessant hammering, but he would not give up. Athletics and human ethics sometimes clash to the disadvantage of the latter.

It was now almost time for the five o'clock study. The realization that our battery was working under terrible difficulties and could not go the nine innings was forced upon all of us. At this psychological moment, so to speak, I was delegated to seek out the Rev. President Fr. O'Connor, now the great Archbishop of Toronto, and ask that we be allowed to "bolt" the hour, so as to continue the game. I am sure I roamed up and down the long corridors but saw no President. For some reason, not quite clear in my mind now, I forgot to call at his office, I returned to the grounds and sorrowfully—yes, very sorrowfully—announced that no President was seen. Clang went the College bell! The score was 7 to 5, and in our favor.

—REV. E. KELLY, '83.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AT ASSUMPTION COLLEGE:

You have asked me to write for the Alumni issue of the College paper a reminiscence of my school days, or an incident in my career since I have left college. Your letter came to me when I was sitting alone in my room in the hotel, thinking.

As I glanced over the request I thought, "They will expect something humorous; something that has happen-

ed since I have been on the stage." But my thoughts were far, far from the point of laughter. You caught me out of the role of the comedian, and in a time when I was thinking of the saddest moment of my life.

Ever since I first went on the stage I have enacted comedy roles. I have always been classed as a "funny man," and even back at Assumption I remember turning many a serious situation into one of laughter. Of one of these situations I might write, but I have for a long time been working on a book of college memories which will be called "Five Years Under Basilian Patrol," that is, if it is ever finished. In this many a prank of the good old days will be told.

The matter of which I shall relate may properly be prefaced by the line of Father Ryan's, "I am saddest when I sing." That good poet-priest must have glanced behind the scenes into the private life of some fun-maker, for many of them are making audiences laugh while their own hearts are breaking.

The fourth season of my stage career was with Mrs. Fiske. I had the part of Joseph Sedley in "Becky Sharp," a dramatization of William Makepeace Thackeray's novel, "Vanity Fair." Joseph Sedley is one of Thackeray's famous comedy characters, and the part when presented properly calls for many laughs from the audience.

The season opened early, and during the first six or eight weeks I became thoroughly engrossed with the part which had been assigned me. We were playing a three months run in a New York theatre, and every few days I received a letter from my mother encouraging me in my work, and telling me that each day she prayed for my success. Two months passed and the winter was coming on. The letters were not in evidence as much as they were in the fall, although I continued to write with my usual regularity. All my inquiries about my mother's health brought no reply until one day I received word that she was ill. Two days after, another came stating that she was worse, and a telegram followed asking me to come

home at once. This was as indefinite as it was short, but I went to Mrs. Fiske and told her of the awful word that I had received. She told me that I could have a leave of absence from three night performances. That was on Thursday night.

After the play was over I hurried to the railroad station and caught the 11.30 night New York Central train for Ann Arbor.

Friday night I reached home and found my mother in a critical condition. However, she seemed to get better and she insisted that I sit down and talk. As we conversed together she seemed to gain strength.

Saturday and Sunday I spent with her. Her heart was lighter and she thought that she would get well. She made me promise that I would keep my word with Mrs. Fiske, no matter what happened, so on Monday she bade me goodbye, and told me that under no circumstances must I violate the contract I was under, but to return to New York in time for Tuesday night's performance. She would not hear of anything hindering me from a chance for success.

Monday noon as the Angelus rang, my mother passed away. I left home as I had promised and was speeding eastward again. The train sped on and on and the sound of the wheels marking off the miles made my brain dizzy. I resolved that I would play my part in New York the next night.

I reached the city, took a cab and got to the theatre shortly before the time for the curtain to rise. The stage manager met me, told me to get ready for my part, and not to leave my dressing room until I was called. Any effort I made to explain matters, he stopped. I started to speak to one or two members of the company but they passed by me without a word.

Their snubs were too much for me. I could not understand them—so, angered and sore at heart I went to my dressing room and prepared to play Joseph Sedley to

the limit, though I thought that I would make a bungle of it surely.

There was a rap on my door and with a sharp ugly tone the stage manager told me to get ready for my cue. I left the room without a word and went to the wings, waiting until the proper moment to appear.

Two sentences has been uttered by me, without any effort or attempt to play the part, when the audience started to laugh. They saw something funny in the lines—something that I could not—they clapped their hands, and when the curtain went down the applause continued. Mrs. Fiske made a bow, and still the people clapped. Back of the scenes I stood alone, thinking of my mother; I could see her as she lay there, when she said farewell and made me promise to keep my word with Mrs. Fiske. A hand on my shoulder brought me out of these thoughts. It was Mrs. Fiske, she said: "Come take your curtain call Mr. McIntyre."

I made a bow, the curtain dropped, the lights in the theatre were flashed on, and I hurried to my dressing room crying like a child.

The deriding voice of the stage manager again at the door brought back my determination to do my best for my mother's sake. But all through the play that night I was roundly applauded and while my heart was being cut by each peal of laughter from the audience, I could think only of my mother, and talked my lines mechanically.

After the play was finished the stage manager rushed up to me and extended his sincere sympathy to me in my sorrow. Then came the members of the company, telling me how sorry they felt for me and how they had pretended snubbishness because they knew that if they were the least bit friendly I would break down and could not do my work.

Their tender consideration was so great that I broke down completely and wept until I was sick, but I knew I was in the midst of my friends, and that my mother was

satisfied because I had kept my word with her. This is an incident, is it not, dear friends?

At some future time I hope I may write in a happier mood.

This is an incident I shall never forget. Neither shall I forget the consideration shown me by the greatest English speaking actress, Mrs. Fiske, who was so kind to me through it all. Sincerely,

—FRANK J. MCINTYRE, '96.

My First Night in College.

It was my fortune to enter college in the month of February. Whoever has been through the mill, knows, that college life in mid-year is somewhat different from college life in September. In the beginning of the school year there is always more or less confusion and discipline is somewhat lax. New boys are to be broken in, some of the old ones tamed down a bit, and all petted and humored a little to soften, as much as possible, the transition from mothers' and sisters' loving care to the unfeeling and unsympathetic routine of college life. Long before February comes everything has become adjusted, and moves smoothly and evenly. Each hour of the day—and of the night—has its duty of study or class, recreation or rest. One, looking in upon college life at this time, finds a vast complicated running machine, the parts of which, instead of being brass and steel, are young, vigorous, intellectual beings, whose movements are regulated and controlled in a marvellously precise and accurate manner. If sometimes, one of these parts, exercising that strong personality which is within him, and giving way under the flood of animal spirits which at times rushes over him, does something at variance with the general order and harmony, the machine does not stop or even stagger, but keeps right on working, thus giving proof of the wonderful power of the Christian discipline that drives it.

Up to the time of my entering I had not the smallest

experience of college life. My ideas of what it was going to be were evolved from what I had read about Colleges and Universities in novels, and were as far from reality as the dreams of the night are from the happenings of the day. With one thing I was very much impressed: the solemn stillness that reigned within its walls. The sound of my own footsteps along the echoing corridor filled me with a fear that I was committing sacrilege in thus profaning the sacred silence that filled the place. The pale thoughtful face of the priest to whom the Superior turned me over for examination, made me feel that I was to meet priests and teachers as solemn and severe as the place, and that my life henceforth was to be something different from what it had yet been. I found out afterwards that all this was true but not just in the way I imagined on my first day in college.

I was shown to the study hall, which seemed to me to cover about an acre of space, and to contain an uncountable number of boys who all knew instantly that a new comer had arrived and interrupted their various tasks long enough to gaze coldly, critically and defiantly at the presumptuous youth who thus dared to invade their sanctum. How I found my way to supper I do not now remember; but I must have been carried along by the multitude that on this journey showed a unity of plan and an energy of execution that was inspiring to behold. What an experience, the first time in the refectory! Such a clatter! No open talking either, but some one trying to read, in a voice that was scarcely audible above the din—and the cold grey eyes of that pale and thoughtful priest, following every move that was made. What a relief recreation was, and how happy I felt to know that they had some such thing! How much longer I could have stood that terrible silence I do not know.

Night prayers over there came a new difficulty. Everybody left the study hall; so did I. Most of the boys went up stairs, but some went towards the Superior's room. Where was I to go? I had never been up stairs,

and did not know whether I had any business there, nor could I see any reason for getting into the sight of that stern looking priest who ruled the College. I have often wondered since if the old tradition is still preserved in the College, of leaving the new boy find out for himself what is the order of exercises, where are the various places in which he is expected to appear, and what he must do to save himself from the wrath of the master or the ridicule of the boys. By taking a chance in following the majority, I found myself in a large dormitory, where, what looked like a wee bit of a bed was assigned me. Here was a new dilemma. To go to bed in the presence of such a large audience was something I had never done before; to stay up until everybody was in bed and asleep was apparently out of the question. By timidly killing time and stealthily watching the initiated, I found out how it was done, and was soon under the blankets with a feeling that I must keep very still, turning neither to the right nor to the left, lest I roll out upon the floor. In a short time all bustle ceased. The last boy laid his head upon his pillow, some short prayers were said, and after a few turns up and down the dormitory the priest in charge turned the light lower, retired to his own corner bed and was soon on a level with the rest of us.

After a while the heavy breathing of some and an occasional snort from others, told that many, after the labors of the day, were enjoying that repose which mother nature gives so generously to her children. For me there was no sleep. I had never been so early to bed before, except perhaps when I was sick or was punished for some mischief. The exciting events of the day, the leaving home, the beginning of my new life—all made excellent food upon which my imagination riotously feasted.

How long this lasted I do not know, but I soon became conscious that I was not the only one awake. From out the great chaos of dormitory I heard whisperings arise. Being in one end of the room near the entrance door and

the light being on the opposite wall, by raising my head a little I could see three or four forms stealthily moving about. One took his place near the oil lamp that did duty in those days, while the others grouped about a bed in the centre of the room. At a signal from one who was evidently the leader, the light went out and simultaneously there was a crash as of a body falling to the floor. Amid the groans and mutterings of the victim who was thus so unceremoniously thrown out of bed, amid the titterings of those who were in the secret and the scurrying back to bed of the culprits, the authoritative voice of the priest arose from the corner: "What's all this about?" Meanwhile there was a little commotion around the good father's bed, which indicated that he was dressing. There was not a tittle of sound in the rest of the dormitory. It was as quiet as a graveyard. The lamp was soon relit by the indignant father. There was an interview between him and some of the boys which was ended by the falling strap and punctuated by the muffled protests of innocence from the afflicted ones. A large clown of a boy, evidently considered deeper in guilt than the others, was compelled to kneel for some time on the floor of the dormitory. Silence came again, all were once more in bed, and the regular breathing and snoring that now became general told all mischief was over for the night. I long lay awake speculating upon this new feature of college life until finally my eyes, too, became heavy, and I fell asleep to dream of being rolled out of bed by desperadoes dressed in night shirts, where surrounded by the members of the faculty I was made the victim of their razor straps.

Such was my first night in college.

—REV. J. A. HALLY, '85.

The Receiver Off.



WHEN Mr. Lyons met the inevitable the little world of his acquaintances expressed their sympathy by countless floral offerings, the different lodges of which he was a member attended in a body, and six prominent members of his club acted the roll of pall-bearers. Altogether it was a grand funeral, but a just criterion of his popularity. He had been fairly successful in business as a broker, so that no concern was felt for the circumstances in which his widow and only son were now left. It was true that there was no cause for real alarm, but conditions were not so fair as they appeared on the face. Most of the ready money was used to meet the expenses connected with the gorgeous funeral, and little was left for household purposes, so that the lawyer advised economy. He explained that money could only be had by selling the stocks now invested in well chosen companies, and that they would hardly yield half their value at this time of financial stringency.

The matter was discussed at great length between the widow, the lawyer and Gerald. Gerald was a broad-shouldered youth of twenty, in his third year at college, and he felt very important in the newly assumed dignity of head of the household. Perhaps it was this feeling of self-importance which induced the proposal which astounded his mother and greatly surprised the lawyer.

"I will leave off college and obtain employment. Mother will be lonesome and I can go back later and finish my course."

The lawyer thought the plan advisable and a reluctant consent was drawn from his mother.

With an excellent recommend from the college, and a letter from the lawyer, Gerald sought employment at the office of the Henderson Cutlery Co. As he was being ushered into Mr. Henderson's private office he heard a prolonged ring, so that on entering he was not surprised

to find the manager with his ear to the receiver of the telephone which lay immediately at his elbow. He was motioned by a nod to a seat where he sat for a brief space fingering nervously on the handle of the chair. Presently, however, Mr. Henderson turned in his revolving chair and faced him. His business-like formality developed itself into a winning smile as he beheld the frank and unmistakably honest face of his visitor.

"You are welcome," he said as Gerald stated his business. "I couldn't refuse anyone so well recommended. But to be candid it will be necessary to work hard. The clerks have a definite amount of work to do, and it must be done even if it requires overtime."

Gerald assured him that he had come expecting to work hard and that he was quite prepared. He thanked him and said that he would commence at once if convenient.

Next morning he received a place in a long line of clerks. A middle-aged gentleman pointed out his duties by whose assistance he managed to finish the first day's work at five o'clock. His duties seemed enormous and his head racked with the contents of the bevy of books with which he had to deal. However he was still determined and so very willing to work that at the end of the first week he had a much better understanding of his duties, which no longer seemed overwhelming.

He was compelled many times to finish his work after office hours, but his accounts were known to be always carefully and thoroughly done. When some time after a man was required for Mr. Henderson's private office the position was generally acceded Gerald on merit, though personal favor, which the young man's winning ways excited, may have influenced the selection.

Here Gerald liked the work immensely, though it was not as explicit or mechanical as formerly. On some days there was but little work to do, at other times it was extensive and exacting.

During one of these busy seasons, late in November,

Gerald had returned after hours to catch up with his work. It was not the first time he had done so. On this particular evening, however, a vague feeling of uneasiness seemed to have come into his soul, all his buoyancy of spirit was gone, and he could no longer go about the work with that characteristic earnestness, born of untiring energy. What it was that thus clouded his mind he was at a loss to explain. Could it be that he had tired of his work or was it a longing again for college atmosphere? He tried to stifle this feeling of inexplicable depression by assuming a cheerfulness and interest in his work which he no longer felt. Still it remained to disquiet and trouble him.

Nine o'clock found him still at work in the office busily engaged at accounts when Mr. Henderson's private telephone rang. He was considerably surprised at the incident, as it was a little late for business affairs, and he could only explain it to himself by supposing that it must be a mistaken number and he went to correct the error. "8-1-1-3" he heard so distinctly that he could not be mistaken. Astonished, he answered that it was. "At 11-30, front door, will give 5 knocks." Before he could recover enough to reply the phone rang off and he was left to reflect on the possible intent of such a message.

Almost immediately the watchman on his rounds entered the room, registered his visit, looked inquiringly at Gerald and asked: "Has the phone rang, Mr. Lyon, since half-past eight?"

Now Gerald was not slow-witted, he knew that the watchman was due between 8.45 and 9.00, but he had never connected him with the strange message. He was surprised because he knew no one was allowed the use of this telephone, and the watchman's intent was questionable. He was not an adept at lying, as he well knew, and he felt that his face would betray him in any case so he determined to answer guardedly.

"Yes it did ring I believe."

"What was the message?"

"You seem strangely anxious, but don't you know

that this is a private phone and the message can only concern my employer?"

"We'll not discuss that and you needn't trouble yourself about telling if it hurts your conscience."

It was easily seen that the watchman had not expected this, but he was remarkably cool under the circumstances. He locked the door, the sole exit of the room, then called up a number on the phone and apparently received the directions Gerald had heard before.

"Sit down friend, make yourself at home, for you and I are to spend the evening here."

Gerald was excited, probably frightened, but he would die before he would show it.

"Then I had better phone home that I am spending the evening out; my mother will be expecting me."

He really intended to phone home but incidentally he would also ring for the police.

The watchman understood.

"Your number please? "I'll explain away your mother's fears."

Gerald thought it policy to tell him; so he sat and listened while the watchman explained that he was being entertained by a friend and would be out a little late.

There was still a long time before 11.30, and Gerald determined not to act too hastily; he would submit to the watchman's enforced companionship for at least a little while so that he might consider his position and decide upon a course of action.

As he sat there waiting, his blood tingled with excitement, the pulses seemed to leap in his veins and he was painfully conscious of the regular thumping of heart beats in his breast. Remembrances flocked to his mind; first he thought of his mother at home, blissfully ignorant of his danger, and he was glad that she would not be anxious about him. Then his thought reverted to college experiences; a feeling akin to this had surged in his breast as he had walked up to bat with two out and a man on base the day Alma Mater had won the most in-

teresting baseball game of the year from their old-time rivals. He thought of other exciting games, of the anxiety with which he waited his turn to debate, or the haste in which he left a farmer's vineyard at the point of a shotgun. He remembered the night he had entered the frat, and the fearful suspense he felt between experiences. Then he wished that one or two of his good staunch friends were present to help him in this difficulty. As he thought of his Alma Mater and his old chums, he wondered how they would look upon his position, what they would consider the proper thing to do could they pass an opinion. He would gladly risk his life for his college, was not his relation to his employer as peremptory? Should he not be willing to sacrifice as much for one as for the other? True he might accomplish nothing but he was ready to stake life on an attempt and his mind fixed itself by a silent resolve to struggle to the limit of his powers, come what might.

Glad now that he had not been allowed to inform the police he determined on his course of action. By eleven o'clock the accomplice or accomplices would surely be on their way so that the watchman would no longer be able to warn them. At eleven o'clock then he would make an essay to reach the phone, fully aware that he would have to struggle for supremacy with the watchman. As he viewed his companion, the man's sturdy frame could not escape notice, and in other circumstances he might have wondered how a man so sturdy and young could have sought work as a watchman.

Every minute seemed an eternity, but determination grew with the approach of the awful moment. Patiently he waited for the clock to strike eleven, then quickly but deliberately, he reached for the telephone and in an instant he had the receiver down before the watchman had perceived the move. He was quickly seized from behind and shoved roughly back.

Not at all abashed Gerald renewed the attempt, but this time the watchman refused to trifle with such per-

sistency and aimed a vicious blow at the boy. Gerald had learned a few things about boxing, thanks to his training in the college gym., and he skillfully avoided the blow by stepping lightly to one side. Now, however, they struggle in all earnestness, at one time striking, at another parrying. The watchman's long arms are too much for the youth's less extended reach, and the latter is forced to confine himself mostly to guarding. Panther-like in his actions he avoids the well directed blows of his adversary, and occasionally is even able to thrust him a telling blow. Convinced however that no advantage was to be gained by this manner of struggling, he decides to attempt wrestling. Quick to catch at the first opportunity he seizes the watchman around the waist and summoning up all his energies he clings like a madman, filled but with one dominating purpose—to prevent the watchman's evil designs. Warm streams of perspiration roll down his cheeks, but he heeded not. Gasping for breath the two collide with tables and chairs, but still they struggle on. Gradually he feels his strength yielding to its superior, he redoubles his efforts for one last attempt and he struggles frantically. The watchman gives way beneath the awful pressure, but as they fall Gerald's foot catches in the rung of a chair and he is thrown heavily forward, his head strikes against the corner of a desk, prostrating him in a limp and unconscious heap on the floor.

It lacks but a few minutes of 11.30, as the watchman bends over Gerald, a little fearful as to the extent of his hurt. An ugly gash reveals itself on the back of his head, but he is greatly relieved to find him still breathing. A shuffle of feet outside interrupts him and he hastens to open the door. As he does it he finds himself in the full glare of a policeman's lantern, an ugly looking revolver pointed so directly at him as to banish thoughts of resistance.

In a private room in the hospital, propped up by pillows, lay Gerald, his eyes wandering from the reflec-

tion he made in the glass opposite him to the chairs and tables, and finally resting on the beautiful roses which lay in a vase beside him. Mr. Henderson had sent them early that morning. He was still musing on the dreadful loneliness of the place when the sound of a footstep in the corridor without attracts him. It is the nurse to announce a visit.

"A gentleman to see you Mr. Lyon, shall I bring him in?"

Mr. Henderson entered and immediately went over and shook hands heartily with Gerald, congratulating him on his fidelity and bravery.

"But I don't see what I did, Mr. Henderson," he said, "I was told that the thieves were caught, but who sent for the police? I didn't. I just took down the receiver."

"Well, perhaps you didn't do it directly, but when the receiver was off the noise of your scuffling went over the telephone to Central where the operator immediately warned the police. It was easily learned where the message was sent from and the arrests were not difficult."

"What happened to the thieves?"

"Oh, they are now in jail awaiting trial. They had a reputation for crookedness. It seems the watchman, when he came a month ago, had previously planned the robbery. Only a night when there was no moon would suit their plans, and there were a few other details necessary. On every night when there was no moon the watchman might expect a message from his confederate so as to be prepared." Mr. Henderson inquired anxiously about his cut which was painful but not really serious.

"And now I have a plan for you Gerald. You know that you left off your course at college. To your father's generosity I owe much of my own success, and I am glad of an opportunity to repay it to his son. I must see that you go back as soon as you are well enough. Then when you have graduated you can, if you like, enter my office again as junior partner."

—JAMES HARDING, '09.

The Elizabethan Drama.



VERY nation has its drama, and in every nation, that drama has at some time during its development reached the height of its perfection. The English nation also produced its drama, and it is of this work, when in its most perfect state during the Elizabethan age that this article will attempt to treat.

The English drama of this period was new and original. It partook of the character of the nation itself. For, though its tendency to employ scenes of horror and bloodshed as grounds for dramatic action was derived from Italy, this element was so changed and so improved as to seem almost original. In fact the drama of this period had its origin in the nation itself. The temper of the people was dramatic; their love and admiration was for the dramatic.

This spirit of the Elizabethan age can be best understood and appreciated by contrasting it with the present feeling toward the dramatic and the consequent poor quality of the modern, in comparison with the Elizabethan drama. There are really no great modern dramas. Those of to-day lack the imagination and originality of the Elizabethan. In fact the people are not in sympathy with the drama. The modern temper is practical, not dramatic: and the drama, as a consequence, has a comparatively low position on our stage. Vaudeville, Burlesque, Melodrama and Grand Opera hold first place in the popular estimation. The last of these is the only one which approached at all close to the drama. Even it has changed and is at present merely a concert given by high-priced singers.

In this latter phase of theatrical life a practise exists which, if not quickly checked, will take from Grand Opera all that therein still remains of the dramatic. I allude to the practice of the great singers of the day presenting to the public plays so arranged that the whole attention is

directed to the work of the "star" singer, and that his or her parts are the only really important ones. In work of this kind—and it is immensely popular—the dramatic must of necessity give way to the lyrical. Thus the lofty thoughts and grand old sentiments contained in the original drama are put in the back ground to exploit the really excellent voices of a few. I do not say that such grand operas are not excellent; I merely say that they are not dramatic. But the stage has an immense influence on the public character and the temper of the people, and until the stage presents the dramatic, and does it well, the people will not look for or demand the drama, and the popular choice will not be bettered.

To gain a correct appreciation of what is the prevailing taste let us review briefly the existing state of affairs. Even Shakespeare's plays, the grandest in any language, do not draw as large a crowd nor demand as high a price as the Vaudeville, Burlesque, or any of the modern forms of amusement. German and Italian masterpieces are, in a way, popular but only with men educated on certain lines and these form a small minority of the modern theatre-going public.

It was not so in Elizabeth's day. The apprentice and the laborer jostled elbows with the duke and lord in the popular theatre. The average dramatic intelligence was far higher than it is to-day. Every man understood the drama and for each it had a peculiarly irresistible charm. The feeling of suspense, the magnetic influence of the drama formed the whole pliant mass of people into one vast body whose interest was guided and sustained throughout the play by a series of sudden and unexpected incidents, all depending on and leading to a fixed central idea. The intermittent flashes of humour and touches of pathos regulated and elevated the interest in the actions of the speakers by promoting the passion interest, and thus prevented that excess of tension which often abounds in poor plays, and which soon becomes as tiresome and monotonous to the audience as the regular

tick, tick of a clock is wearisome and vexing to the restless sleeper tossing on his couch.

To hold the popular interest at this time the quality of the plays had to keep continually improving, for with the New Learning and its consequent discoveries the minds of the people were broadened and a quickening of intelligence pervaded the whole island. To meet the requirements there arose in England a score of dramatists and playwrights who, for their consummate knowledge of human character and social relations, stand in the forefront of the world's great dramatic composers and poets. Among them, ranks first William Shakespeare, the shrewdest judge of human nature, the most skilled character painter and the greatest philosopher poet the world has yet seen. Next to him, come Ben Johnson, Marlowe, Green, Peel, and a host of other master writers who if they had lived at any other period would have been esteemed the greatest literary men of their age, but whose glory was outshone by the mightier and far more brilliant light of Shakespeare's genius.

These men who knew the human heart so well and who were acquainted with the bright as well as the dark side of human nature practically made the English drama. Their works are the standard which all aspiring dramatists try to reach. They try, but in vain, for the man who can analyze the character of man, and portray its various phases, its strength and its weakness, its nobility and its baseness, its triumphs and its failures, better than Shakespeare, better than Ben Johnson, or even as well as the average dramatist of Elizabeth's reign has yet to make his appearance in the dramatic world.





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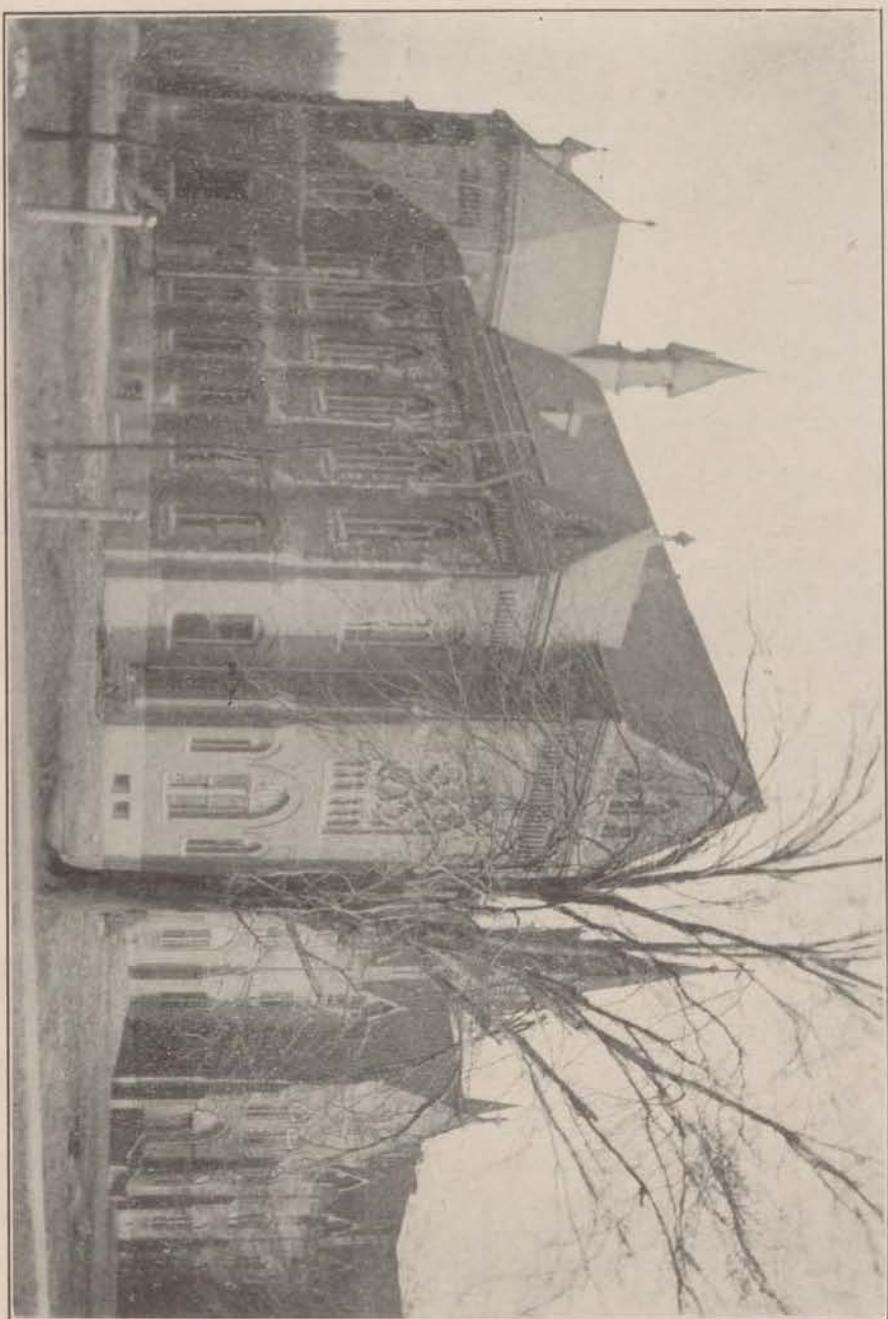
APRIL, 1908.

No. 3

Editorial.

Church Unity.

If the reports in Catholic papers are from reliable sources, we must admit that there is a distinct awakening among learned non-Catholics to the validity of the claims which Rome has always made to supremacy in jurisdiction, infallibility in teaching and Apostolic succession. This Romeward movement, if it deserves such a title, resembles the great Oxford movement in this that it has appealed mainly to the more learned and thoughtful among our dissenting brethren. In almost every seminary of Canada and the United States are to be found students who were formerly zealous Protestant clergymen. Can it be that in America we are on the eve of a wide-spread movement toward the Catholic church from Protestantism and Indifferentism? Certainly it is most remarkable that there should be found in New York such a publication as "The Lamp," whose aim is to further the re-



THE NEW ASSUMPTION COLLEGE CHAPEL.

turn of the Anglican Church to the centre of religious unity in Rome. While we fail to understand how men who are convinced that the only consistent action of Anglicanism is union with the Church of Peter, can remain outside of the Church, yet we take it to be a favorable sign. In fact the necessity of religious unity is forcing itself upon the deepest thinkers of almost every religious organization in the land.

A broader and more liberal historical perspective has contributed much to these results. Since historians have delved into the libraries of the world, the truth regarding the Reformation is spreading into the schools of all denominations and each fresh output of the historians' labors shows more and more indisputably that the so-called religious awakening of the sixteenth century was a revolt against authority by disobedient subjects. May we not hope that further researches will place beyond cavil before the world the claims of the Catholic Church to universal jurisdiction and unbroken Apostolic succession, that this knowledge will gradually filter from historian to educational institutions, and from these, through pulpit and press, to the people at large, until the longing for religious unity has found a rest in that organization which has preserved the deposit of Faith uncorrupted from the beginning?

Sorrow and Gladness.

The august ceremonies of Holy Week, the solemn strains of the lamentations and the sombre hue of the vestments, which characterize our religious offices, especially during the closing week of Lent, so peculiarly fitting the awful events commemorated during that season, combine to make these ceremonies the most affecting that are known among men. The passion and death of Jesus constitute the most awful tragedy which could be enacted. This is not a tragedy that affects a particular set of men, or which is of consequence to one nation or a single period of the world's history, but its deep import

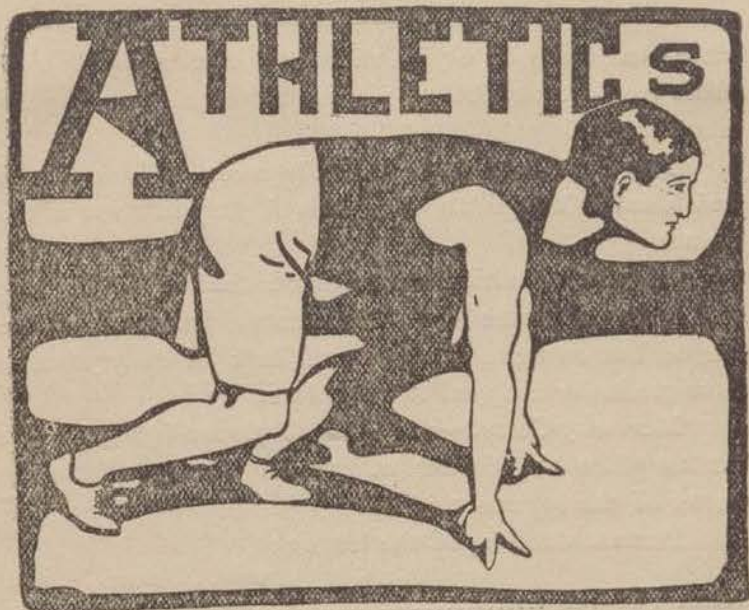
extends to every nation in every moment of its history, in that single concern which intimately influences every individual for time and eternity. It is eminently fitting, therefore that the Church, whose aim is the eternal salvation of all men, should expend every effort to impress upon the human race the solemn seriousness of the events she then commemorates. No greater source of sorrow can possibly exist than our own waywardness, our cruelty, and our impiety, which have made it necessary for God, the Father, to offer His Divine Son as a victim of expiation. Sad, indeed, is the thought of human depravity and overwhelming should be our sorrow and shame. But Christ's death was meant not merely to convince men of the depth of their sinfulness, but rather to save that which was lost. Hence Christ rose again from the dead and ascended into heaven, in order that he might draw all men after Him, that death might no longer have dominion over us and that we might rise to newness of life after the model of our risen Saviour. Man's part in the great tragedy and victory is to pass through the purgation of penance and the cleansing of tears to a glorious resurrection and immortality.

It is not the number of talents, but the yield, that God values. To complain of talents we lack, is out of place until we have exhausted in His service all those that we possess.

Penance is an eraser put in the hands of the Recording Angel, and Lent is the most seasonable time to manufacture sin-erasers.

When a man is deep in the mire he realizes that he has taken the wrong road.

A clear conscience is a delightful companion all the year round.



Hand Ball.

Hand-ball season is nearing a close and with it the interest is centering in a pretty battle for first places in the league. It seems rather strange that the fight for the cup should be between a German and an Irishman. Such however is the case,—Mr. Klick, representing the land of the Kaiser, and Mr. Casey, upholding the honor of the Emerald Isle. Mr. Klick, who only this year has sprung into prominence as a hand-ball player, is at present in the lead, but Mr. Casey is creeping up and a hard fight is looked for in the finals. If Mr. Klick carries off the palm it will be due, in a great measure to his powerful right, which, in the past two years has so often pitched Assumption to victory on the diamond, and to the able assistance of his partner, Theoret. Mr. Casey, however, places implicit confidence in the graceful curves of his sidewheelers, and promises to give Germany a hard fight. The games between these two have been of unusual interest, with plenty of rooting on the part of the adherents of each. Meanwhile conversation about the yard has been punctuated with "dead-buts," "shorts," "longs," "scores," and various other euphonious words that have no

place in the old style rhetorics, and many a rash youth has lost his Friday pie in consequence of injudicious betting.

The fight for third place is between Robinet-Busch and Munich-McQuillan, with odds slightly in favor of the former.

Hartnett-Condricke commenced the season in fine shape, and for some time held down first place in the league, but owing to sickness and lack of daily practice have gradually dropped to fifth place.

Moriarity-Costello and Kelly-Coyle are fighting it out for last place, the former at present having a little the better of the argument.

Present standing of the league :

	WON.	LOST.	PER.
Klick-Theoret, ...	17	5	773
Casey-Fillion.....	15	5	750
Robinet-Busch	12	8	600
Minich-McQuillan	9	11	450
Hartnett-Condricke	7	12	368
Moriarity-Costello	7	16	304
Kelly-Coyle	5	15	250

The final standing will appear in the next issue.

Junior Hand-Ball League.

After a successful season, in which many closely interested games were played, the Junior Hand-ball League closed on March 14th. The fight for second place resulted in a tie between teams 4 and 6, the latter winning out in the play-off by the score 21-17.

Owing to the sudden departure of the second man in team 6, it was thought that team 3 would easily win first place. This however was not the case, as they carried off the prize by just one game. Final standing :

	WON.	LOST.	PER.
III. Merkle-McIntyre	16	9	640
VI. Richardson-Roberge.....	16	10	615
IV. Nedeau-Sharpe	15	11	577
I. Brennan-Brehler.....	12	13	480
V. O'Neil-Tansey.....	10	15	400
II. C. Francis-V. Francis.....	7	18	280

St. Patrick's Day has always been a great day for hand-ball tournaments in the senior alley. This year the affair proved of unusual interest because it was an international contest. The Irish, represented by Mr. Casey-Kelly, the Germans, represented by Mr. Klick-Minich, and the French represented by Robinet-Theoret were the rival nations.

The first game, between the Irish and the Germans, although marked at times by loose playing on both sides was very exciting and resulted in favor of the Irish by the score 21-17.

After a short rest the winners were then obliged to tackle the French team, who being fresh, easily overcame their tired opponents by a 21-14 score.

Unwilling, however, to let the French carry off the honors of the day so easily the German team then challenged them for another game. The French readily accepted and soon another game was in progress. This one however resulted in favor of the German team, the score being 21-17.

After these three games the teams stood just where they were at first, as each team won and lost a game. The title for supremacy will have to be decided later.

Basket-Ball.

TEMPLE A. C. 12. ASSUMPTION, 2.

It is not very often that the Hebrews and Catholics meet for a friendly contest in the field of sports. This, however, occurred when on the evening of Feb. 26, the Temple A. C., of Detroit, representing the Synagogue, journeyed to Sandwich for a game of basket-ball with Assumption. It was only the second game our boys had played and consequently they were no match for the experience, speed and skill of their opponents. Besides, Drouillard, our star forward and best shot, was out of the game on account of illness. His playing would undoubtedly have made possible a much closer score. Busch again featured by out-jumping the opposing center

nearly every time. The final score was 12-2, Kelly shooting the basket that kept the home team from being whitewashed. Besides getting a few pointers our boys realized after the game that they were badly in need of practice. Line up:

TEMPLE A. C.		ASSUMPTION
Goldman	r. f.	Kelly
Mills	c.	Hartnett
Kaiden	l. f.	Busch
Brown	l. g.	Mooney
Katz	r. g.	Blackwell.

Field goals, Kaiden, 3, Mills, Goldman, Kelly. Goals from fouls, Kaiden, 2. Referee, Drouillard. Umpire, Hansman. Timer and scorer, Minich.

Another game is being arranged with this team, as they claim the amateur championship of Detroit. With our boys working as they are at present a hotly contested game is looked for.

ASSUMPTION, 42. ST. PETERS, A. C., 6.

After a week of good, hard, earnest work, which made a remarkable change in team-work, the College five met St. Peters A. C., of Detroit, March 7. What they did to the St. Peter's A. C. was a shame, defeating them by the overwhelming score of 42-6, and that too with but three of the regulars in the game.

The visitors showed up well in practice and to all appearances seemed to have no difficulty in locating the basket. This belief in their ability as basket-ball players was more convincing when, in a rush that carried our boys off their feet they shot a goal in the first ten seconds of play. Things began to look bad when they added another in less than three minutes. Then the College five woke up to the fact that a game was in progress and that they were participants in it. In rushes and team-work that had the visitors completely at sea; they shot goal after goal until the score at the end of the first half stood

20-4 in our favor, the excellent work of the backs preventing further scoring on the part of the visitors.

The second half was but a repetition of the first, the points piling up rapidly, while the visitors were never dangerous. In this half St. Peters changed their line-up considerably, but to no purpose. Not until the final three or four minutes did they succeed in shooting another basket.

Much credit is due to Drouillard and Hartnett for their fine combination. The former is a regular "Johnnie on the spot," while the latter, although a bit slow in dribbling and bringing the ball down, seldom misses a shot. Line up :

ST. PETERS, A. C.		ASSUMPTION
Barnard, Creusere	r. f.	Drouillard
Graham	c.	Maher
Sinclair	l. f.	Hartnett
Midwirth, Hurst	r. g.	Blackwell
Barber, Midwirth	l. g.	Lange

Field goals, Hartnett, 9 ; Drouillard, 6 ; Maher, 4, Sinclair, Creusere, Barber. Goals from fouls, Drouillard, 4. Referee, Murphy. Umpire, Sheehan. Timer and scorer, Minich.

As a preliminary to this game the Assumption College Midgets met and defeated the Windsor Fusileer Midgets by the score 19-14, Richardson starring for the winners.

D. C. JRS. 14. A. C. JRS. 7.

In a game replete with fouls on the part of the home team the Detroit College Juniors defeated the Assumption College Juniors by the score 14-7. As in the game between the first team and the Temple A. C., the home team showed a lack of experience and consequently fouls were very numerous. In fact the erratic and reckless work on the part of our boys netted eight out of the fourteen points for the visitors. Cameron shooting a goal nearly time a foul was called. Line up :

D. C. JRS.		A. C. JRS.
Cameron	r. f.	Kaiser, Blackwell
Kelly	c.	Murphy
Thompson	l. f.	McQuillan
Fleming	r. g.	Longe
Harding	l. g.	Blackwell, Kaiser

Field goals, Murphy, 2, Cameron, 2, McQuillan.
Goals from fouls, Cameron, 8, Blackwell. Referee, Drouillard. Umpire, Harrison.

ST. VINCENT'S Y. M. C. VS. ASSUMPTION.

St. Patrick's day is not only a great hand-ball day here, but has this year became, and will in future years be a great basket-ball day. The morning of this holiday saw the house assemble in the alley to witness the exciting hand-ball tournament, but in the afternoon this popular sport gave way to basket-ball. Two games were played, the visiting teams being the St. Vincent's Y.M.C. Seniors and Juniors of Detroit.

In the first game the Y.M.C. Jrs. lined up against the A.C. Jrs. The game was filled with fast work and star playing on both sides, but in the end our boys had a trifle the better of the argument, as the score resulted 5-2 in their favor. Maher starred for the home team while Markey shot the only basket obtained by the visitors. Line up:

A.C. JRS.		Y.M.C. JRS.
McQuillan	r. f.	Markey
Kaiser	l. f.	Marcer
Maher	c.	Sweet
Blackwell	r. g.	O'Donnel
Longe	l. g.	Sheehan

Field goals, Maher 2, Markey; goals from fouls, Maher. Referee, Drouillard. Umpire, Murphy.

The Senior team was less fortunate than the Juniors. To say they were defeated would be stating it mildly. They were literally swamped by the score 44-14. However it is not to their discredit, because the visitors had by far the strongest team our boys have had to contend

with this season, a team made up entirely of old timers in basket-ball. Their combination work on the forward line was perfect while their defence was well-nigh impregnable. Hanrahan at centre and Wilson at right forward especially featured for the visitors, the latter shooting ten baskets. The team, on the whole, showed speed and accuracy, and much credit is due to Fr. Chawke, their manager, who has just reason to feel proud of his team.

It must not be inferred, however, that our boys did not play a good game. On the contrary, they fought hard to keep the visitors from scoring, but to no purpose. They were contending with a much superior team and consequently were outclassed. Summary :

ST. VINCENT'S Y.M.C.

		A. C.
Wilson	r. f.	Drouillard
Hardy	l. f.	Hartnett
Hanrahan	c.	Busch
E. Hickey	r. g.	Blackwell
S. Hickey	l. g.	Mooney

Field goals, Wilson 10, Hardy 6, Hanrahan 5, Hartnett 3, Drouillard 2, Busch. Goals from fouls, Hanrahan 3, Drouillard 2. Referee, Longe. Umpire, Sheehan. Timer and scorer, Minich.

Base-Ball.

As yet nothing has occurred in the base-ball line except that J. Klick has done a little pitching indoors. The diamonds have been too wet to allow of any out door practice, but a few more warm, sunny days will put them in condition.

Prospects for the coming season are good in spite of the fact that only two of last year's team remain. Several of the new students are expected to show up well.

—F. M., '08.



We ask the assistance of the Alumni in making this department as interesting as possible. Without your assistance it is impossible for us to secure all the items that we shall need. Do not forget us. A line or two will suffice.

Frs. Jas. Hogan, E. McCormick, D. Needham and H. Robert, all of '04, visited their friends and acquaintances at the college during the month.

Fr. F. J. Van Antwerp, of Detroit, who has conducted two of our annual retreats, paid us his first visit of the new year during the month and remained for luncheon.

Fr. M. J. Crowley, '96, is numbered among our visitors for the month.

Messrs. J. Griffin and J. Dowdle, both graduates from Rhetoric, '03, who have been pursuing their studies for the priesthood at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, for the last five years, have received their calls for ordination.

Mr. Frank Eardly, well known to students of Assumption of late years, called upon us for the first time since he ceased to be a student here nearly two years ago.

Frank has made great strides since leaving old Assumption, for besides carrying around nearly two hundred pounds on his diminutive frame, he has advanced until he is now engine despatcher for the Pere Marquette Ry., with headquarters at Grand Rapids, Mich. He has our best wishes for success in his chosen profession.

Mr. Geo. J. Esper, Rhetoric, '06, enjoyed his Christmas holidays among the mountains of Old Mexico. He left St. Basil's College, Waco, Texas, shortly before Christmas, and visited Mexico City, Vera Cruz, the famous shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and other places of interest. The trip was extremely interesting to him and is an experience well worth remembering.

Edward Rowe, a student here a few years ago, and well remembered for his exceptional athletic ability, is now confined in a Chicago hospital with a broken leg. The leg was first broken during a foot-ball game last Thanksgiving Day, at his home near Chicago, and after being set, it knitted together unsatisfactorily, and he was lately compelled to have it rebroken and reset. We unite in wishing him a speedy recovery.

Austin Collins, Commercial, '06, now holds a good position in the offices of the Lamb Wire Fence Co., at his home town, Adrian, Mich.

We are informed that James Brennan, who completed his philosophy here with the class of '05, and who is pursuing his studies at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, has been suddenly called home by the death of his father, Mr. Brennan, has our sincere sympathy in his bereavement.

Charles Connelly, Commercial, '06, is employed in the offices of the American Express Co., at Detroit.

Thomas A. Hunter, a student here a few years ago, has recently joined the U. S. Navy, and is now on board the government training-ship at Hampton Roads, Va.

Henry Rogan, one of our students about eight years

ago, was severely injured last summer in a railroad wreck near Joliet, Ill. His entire side was filled with splinters so that blood poisoning set in and he has lately submitted to an amputation of an arm and a leg. The operation was performed in a hospital at Chicago, and his condition is still serious. Mr. Rogan has our sympathy in his affliction.

Roy Kremer, Commercial, '06, is now employed as timekeeper in the Pontiac Carriage Factory at Pontiac, Mich.

Messrs. Wm. Gallena and Wm. Murphy, both of '04, will soon be ordained and will return to their homes during the latter part of the coming May. For the past four years they have been studying in the American College at Rome. Mr. Gallena belongs to the diocese of Cleveland, Mr. Murphy to the diocese of Detroit.

Mr. F. Conway, '75, one of our first graduates, still retains his position in the post-office at Windsor, Ont.

Chronicle.

The Pottawattimies must have visited us lately, several scalps are missing.

The Review is fortunate in the discovery of an artist in the student body. Mr. Allen Gravier's first contribution appears in this issue.

There was a disorderly muse floating around the bell-ringers room and "Bill" was doing just what this paper wants him to do on such occasions. He was taking advantage of the rare visit and was writing poetry. Why, then, boys, should we object to an occasional few minutes extra class?

"What is wrong?" was the alarming murmur that ran through the dormitories one morning recently when the bell rang at 6.30 instead of the usual 5.30. It was not a mistake. The spring flood had entered the engine

room and prevented the working of the steam pipes for a few hours.

The entire student body and representatives of the faculty assembled in our society rooms to hear the annual Rhetoric-Belles Lettres Debate on the eve of March 4th. The subject, "Resolved that Shakespeare influenced civilization more than Napoleon," included so much that the time limit was all that prevented an all-night argument.

Walter Rottach, '11, opened the debate by a discussion of Shakespeare's literary greatness. The "Gentleman from Marine City" proved a credit to his class. Peter Jordan, '10, began the negative argument by showing Bonaparte's influence on the church and tracing it to the present struggle in France. Jos. Bell and Harold MacDonald, affirmative, and Jas. Condrick and Wm. Robinson, negative, followed. The debate was hotly contested, while witticisms from either side frequently broke in on the argumentation.

The result was a victory for the '11 men who filled the hall with cheers over their hard earned success.

Who floated the orange flag on St. Patrick's day?

What happened the march of the nations this year?

The evening of March 3 was the occasion of a very interesting meeting of the St. Dionysius Literary Society. Mr. L. Snitgen's panygeric on Abraham Lincoln admirably portrayed the character of the humble rail-splitter and exalted statesman. In a speech on ambition, Mr. Leo Kennedy divided his subject into two parts with a view to indicating the line which marks off commendable from censurable ambition. Mr. Cyrus Kaiser next read a paper containing an interesting account of a base-ball game under the apparently irrelevant, though really appropriate title, "Honesty is the Best Policy." Mr. Whalen followed with a story of absorbing interest entitled, "A Race with a Locomotive." Messrs. Truman Dillon and Frank Bush entertained the Society with short recita-

tions which were followed by readings by Messrs. John Long and C. Coughlin.

During the past six weeks the river has been the centre of attraction for those who enjoy the vagaries of Jack Frost in one of his most interesting occupations. He made a very determined effort to suspend traffic between Detroit and our border. The river filled with floating ice soon after the arrival of zero weather, and it required but a short time to make a solid surface from shore to shore. Straightway several of the leviathans that shuttle between the railway docks of Detroit and Windsor were coaled up and full steam put on, for there was work for them to do other than bearing trains. Down the river they go four abreast at about equal distances apart, their huge hawk breasts press the ice aside and pile it up in rows like a double broomed street sweeper. On very cold days you can cross their track with perfect safety fifteen minutes after they pass. The ice has jammed in behind them and frozen together. The work of the ice breakers, consequently, is never completed so long as the cold weather lasts. It often happens that one of these powerful ferries, which seem so irresistible in open water, is completely stuck in the ice and has to remain there until another boat has broken a passage for it. In milder weather the ice once broken floats slowly down. Here a great ledge of ice is forced out of the water by the immense weight behind. It rises gradually on end and then like a deserter expiating his crime, lurches prone upon the ice-cakes in front; nearer shore the moving tide of ice grinds and glides along the solid ledge that lines the banks. Finally a hot day came and with it the floods, the river rose nearly a foot, and the great solid ledge was quietly lifted and carried off, doing the work of many suns in a few minutes.

If there is one day in the year duly celebrated at Assumption it is St. Patrick's. Judging from the interest displayed in the various sports and entertainments one would think that St. Patrick was the patron not only of

the Emerald Isle, but of every nation represented at the College. Good cheer and universal reverence for the saint are manifest on all sides, but at the same time a friendly rivalry of class and nation is kept up in the pranks and sports of the day. This year the dry places on the athletic field were early taken by students anxious to begin base-ball, but the conditions of parts of the grounds prevented any matches in the favorite sport. Besides the other enjoyments of the day, international and class handball games, were played in the A. M., and two basket-ball games with visiting teams took up the P. M.

By far the best and most enjoyed part of the entertainments accompanying the feast was the program put on by the Dramatic Club on Monday evening. The "Ghost Scene," from Hamlet, and the comic dialogue, "Is She In," made a happy mixture of the tragic and comic. The latter, indeed was the hit of the evening. The orchestra was there with its usual good work, while Messrs. Klick and Snidgen proved themselves true Irishmen by the creditable manner in which they rendered two violin duets. Mr. Hackett's panygeric on St. Patrick was truly a masterpiece, while the recitation and two vocal solos made the meeting by far the best presented this year.

The program was as follows :

Salute to Ireland,	-	-	-	Orchestra
Panygeric on St. Patrick,	-	-	-	J. Hackett
Song—"When O'Brien Has No Place to Go,"	-	-	-	Van Deen
Recitation—"The Fishermen of Wexford,"	-	-	-	M. Walsh
Irish Airs,	-	-	-	Orchestra
Reading—"Uncle Podger Hangs a Picture,"	-	-	-	T. Murphy
Ghost Scene from Hamlet—				
Hamlet,	-	-	-	T. Kelly
Ghost,	-	-	-	J. Condrick
Horatio,	-	-	-	P. Mahoney
Soldier,	-	-	-	J. Bell
Song—"Eilleen Allanna,"	-	-	-	P. Jordan
Sketch—"Is She In,"—				
Actor,	-	-	-	W. Moffatt
Tramp,	-	-	-	J. Gleeson
Salute to America,	-	-	-	Orchestra

We regret very much to have occasion to record the death of one of the students of the present year. On Feb. 28th Mr Frederick Clanda, of Adrian, died of consumption of the bowels, at his home. Frederick was a member of Second Academic Class until Christmas. None of his fellow students had the least suspicion when they bade him good-bye and wished him a merry Xmas that it was for the last time. The deceased was an earnest student, gentle and considerate in his manner, and full of sterling piety. Too retiring in his manner to attract attention, he will ever be remembered by his intimate friends at the College as the very soul of goodness and virtue. Despite the facts that he was suffering from a fatal ailment he never uttered a complaint. His one ambition was to become a worthy priest. When the Christmas recess was ended he prepared to return to College, and would have done so had not the doctor forbidden it so peremptorily. During his illness the very patience in suffering, which had enabled him to hide from those about him the gravity of his ailments, continued to manifest itself. While his parents had given up hope that he would be able to resume his studies his courage never faltered for a moment, but he begged his friends not to send for his books or trunk, assuring them that he would soon be able to go back to College. He was truly the St. Aloysius of Assumption, and his memory will be treasured as a model of youthful virtue by all those who knew him.

We extend to the bereaved parents our sincerest sympathies in their great loss.

Oh ! gentle soul, thy pale face
Long in memory will trace
The record of thy brief career,
Hallow'd with all we most revere.
Thou'rt gone to meet thy God above ;
Rest thou forever in His love.

Exchanges.

The Exchanges, which through the courtesy of the various Universities and Colleges, have gathered on our tables have been eagerly perused, and many hints that will aid in our new undertaking have been gleaned from their contents.

St. Mary's Messenger, from Monroe, Mich., was the first to reach us. "Newman's Place in Literature," is a mild but well worded complaint against that universal tendency of Public Libraries to deprive Catholic writers of their established rights. Monsignor Tihen's "Talk on Culture," is one that may be read with profit by all, but more especially by students.

The Fordham Monthly from N. Y., has received a very prominent position on our table, both for the beauty of its designs and the interest of the stories which it contains. To each of these stories the words of "Macbeth" might well be applied, "The tale is well told."

Our next welcome visitor was the Niagara Index. It contained two interesting and instructive articles on "The Catholic Church and Social Reform." In fact the paper was instructive throughout, but we must admit that the Exchange Department caused the more timid of our contributors to waver in their efforts lest, becoming too conspicuous, they attract the attention of a rather severe critic.

Another Index hailing from St. Vincent's College, Chicago, contains an article near akin to those of its namesake from "The Falls." Under the title of "Modern Egoism," the writer describes that social disorder which has baffled the statesmen of all ages, and whose only remedy, as our Niagara friend states, is that laid down in the teachings of the Catholic Church.

The Nazarine, from Kalamazoo, Mich., contains a pretty sketch composed of quotations, happily selected, from Scott's "Lady of The Lake," skillfully interwoven into a short character-sketch of the principal actors.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the beautiful jubilee number of The Exponent, also St. Vincent's College Journal, the Dial and the Collegian.

Nova et Vetera.

Ralph, the philosophic Toledan, assures us that Latin and Greek are poor balm for distressed minds, but much easier on the back than pick and shovel, and he believes in sparing the back.

Selected—

"Our hero then placed his back against a tree, crossed his arms and folded his legs."

Wise : "Did you hear about the water getting into the College cellar?"

Guy : "No."

Wise : "They didn't want it known, but it leaked out."

A Chicago multi-millionaire was relating the romance of his success to a friend of his earlier days from Podunk Junction : "And now," he concluded enthusiastically, "I have a corner on the meat market." "A corner on the meat market," replied the green one in disgust, "Why, I thought you must have owned half the butcher shops in the United States.

Answered in globo.

What does a good boy say in the presence of his elders?

What are the wild waves saying on a calm day?

What does the lazy boy say when asked to recite?

What do you say when the joke is on you?

What have most of us to say when asked how much good we have done?

Nothing.

Judge : You are accused of beating your wife.

Prisoner (badly disfigured) : Your honor, just convince me that she got the beating and I'll willingly pay two fines.

Judge : Your face is fine enough. You are discharged.

It was Wednesday evening, and the third evening in the week on which Mr. Staylate had called. The clock had

just struck eleven when Mrs. Smartgirl made bold to intrude and asked her daughter to play "Home, Sweet Home" fôr Mr. Staylate. He went home.

Lesson on Concave Mirrors—

Science Teacher : Where does a parallel ray go ?

Harding : Straight ahead.

English Teacher : But, Mr. Mooney, "pike-poles of patriotism," is not poetical.

Mooney : I wasn't trying to write poetry.

English Teacher : And you succeeded.

Mooney : I saw him reading the Spectator.

Mahoney : No he was reading the Beehive.

Mooney : Never mind. They are both be(e)holders.

Notice : For lubricating this machine we employ Joe C-oyle.

—1208—

Whylom, us tellen stories olde.

How on the field, met warriors bolde.

And how each squier, before the fight,
Fixed on his lord, his armour bright.

And how as in the ring they dashed,
Upon each shield, hir swerdes clashed.

And how the air, fayre ladyes rend,
"Fight on, brave Knightes, God's help attend."

—1908—

And now we see how as of yore,
Heroes meet on a glassy floor.

And how each man before the din,
With stick in hand, thick pad on shin.

And how as on the ice they glide,
Ten men rush forth, ten men collide.

And how fair ladies cry with glee,
"Oh please ; do kill that referee."

—WILLIAM C. MOFFATT, '09.

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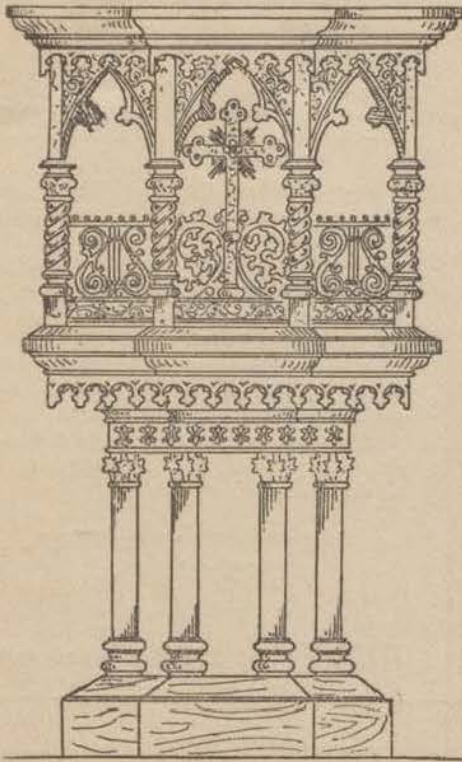
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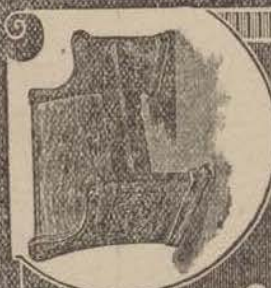
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